

STEVENS POINT, WIS., MAY 27, 1896.



AFTER MANY YEARS.

By H. Luqueer.

OW, Miss Jinney, you is alus a wantin' a story about dem tryin' times in Ole Carolinay, an' I's jes don't tole ye all I knowed ober ober agin."

And our own colored cook, Tilda Jackson, knocked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old Tilda held in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the Old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the civil war.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

Refilling her pipe, and settling herself in her easy chair, she continued: "I jes done recolmember one moan ob dem yams, but it's erbout how my ole missus kep Decoration Day all by her lone self, an' how she done put poses on one grave fur fifteen young folks afore she found out who de poah young fella was."

Here old Tilda stopped and lighted her pipe, puffed away with a retrospective glance at us two girls, as we crept closer to this oracle in ebony, and, having stimulated our curiosity, she continued:

"Wal, jes' a couple o' days after dat



"SO SCART I LET DE SOPE BILE OVER."

ere big fight at Charleston my ole man, Lige Jackson, he was down back o' de field a cuttin' bresh, an' all at once I seen him drop de axe, an' start fur de house on a run. An' I was dat scart I let de soap boil over, case I was makin' soap out in de yard, an' was bound dat a snake had bit him, or he had got a lick wild de axe—fur Lige was de lasiest niggab in de whole kentry, an' I knowed something had happened when I seen him git such a move on to him. An', shore enough, when he came up, all out ob bresh, I knowed it was time to git scart, an' says he: "Tilda, tole de missus dar's a soffer lyin' down dar back ob de fence, by de run, an' I recen he is powful bad hurt, 'case he's

a grownin' an' done seem to sense notin'."

"Wal, my missus wan't berry ole in dem days, but she was jus' done fadin' lake a putty posey, along ob dat dread-ful wah, expectin' to heah dat de cannon was killed, an' all de oder trouble erbout de niggas gittin' free, wid de place half woked an' fust one army takin' rattions and den de oder till it 'pears like day wasent much lef'."

Wall, I jis pulled de stick from under dat soap kittle an' run round to de front porch, whar missus was sittin', an' tole her what Lige seen. She got right up an' made Lige an' ole Minkey, de coachman, go and bring dat pooh fellah to de house. She an' me a fizin' up a bed fur him while dey is gone.

"Byenby dey toats him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by de spine, an' he say dat air pooh boy dun got de death blow, and de doctor recon' he was elder shot while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' let' him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he doant know nobody ner nothing, an' de doctor say he was parilsed, so he couldnt even move his pooh tounge."

"Wall, missus an' me nussed him till we both pretty nigh dun drop in our tracks fur a week. Den at las' he dun went home to glory, as de sun was settin' lake in a sea of fash."

But jis afore he breaved his las' he kinda com'd to his senses, an' kep' a lookin' at missus—an' he try'd so mighty hard to speak an' was dat distressed case he couldn't, de big tears roll outen his handsome black eyes an' roll down his cheeks dat was as white as de sheet, an' de sweat lay so cole an' thick on his hands dat his pretty dark curls looked like dey were done got dipped in de rain water barri."

"De Missus take his han' an' say:

"'Nebber mine, de lovin' Jesus knows jes what ye want to say, an' would help him ter make her en'stan', anyway she would dun find out who his folks war an' write 'em all about how he fit an' died duin' his duty, or what he thought war his duty."

"Den he kept looking at his pooh ragged clothes, dat was a hangin' whar he could see 'em, till missus takes de hint from his appealin' eyes, and goes and hunts through de pockets. She dun found nothin' but a little bible, an' when she bring it to him his eyes jes shine, lake de stars in de night, an' missus opened it an' a leetle tintype of a putty young thing a holdin' a little baby er about a year old drapped out, an' then he looked so glad. Missus axed him of dat war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: 'I kin find dem by 'vertisin in de news-papers, an' I tink I dun know what ye want me to tell dem,' an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was loosin' deir lank. She dun took his han' in hers, an' sang lake an' angel dat pretty hymn about:

"'All my trus' on de is staid,'

"'Dar was two or dees verses, but I disremember 'em. Anyway while she was singin' de gates ob glory opened and tuk dat poor boy in."

"Ef he war fightin' on de wrong side he dident dun know it. He just did his duty as he had learned it from older hades. So de missus had him laid to res' up in de grove back of de house, an' ebry Decoration Day she dun put poses on dat lone grave, rain or shine, sick or well."

"Did she ever advertise?" asked Jennie, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

Deed she did! an' fur years she war tryin' to fine dem folks ob hisen, till it went on fur nigh on ter fifteen years. De wah was dun, de niggas all free, Massah Carter loss an arm a fightin' agin it, an' his only chille, young Massah John, war growed up to be a man, an' like his ma, as putty as a piker, and dat smart dat he run de plantation his own self. He hired de niggas to work dat war good fur anything, an' let de triflin' ones go.

Wall, such time to be lots of company allus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massah John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, dun come out to de plantation ter mate a visit, an' she bring erlong a young school frien', Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a piker, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks war like de roses in de garden."

Wal, such time as dem young critters had. Day was boatin' an' fishin', an' hossback ridin' ebry day ob der lives. Wal, one sweet, putty morning my ole missus say, dis is Decoration Day; ef ye young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grave, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy she jes' dun stretch herself outen de hammock on de veranda, an' she say "Scuse me, aunty, I'm awful tired of dat grave; eber since I was a baby I recolmember it!"



HOW WONDERFUL ARE THY WAYS, OH LORD.

But Miss Nellie she dun jump up an' say:

"Please let me go, I've dun hear how good you war to dat poah soffer an' I know some day you will git yer reward." So she an' missus walked off in de bright sunshine, de bees war a hummin' and de birds a singin', and de carried a great basket of poses—de hunney suckle an' roses, an' jasmine, an' Miss Nellie de prettiest flower of all in her white frock and sky blue saab."

Miss Liddy she lay dar swingin' in de hammak, and Massah John, after a leetle, gits up and starts for de grove, too. Deu Miss Liddy lafs and says kinder scornful lake: "Is it Miss Nellie

or de grave that takes you out dar dis hot mornin'?"

He jes laugh back at her an' say: "Ob corse it's de grave, dat's my 'ligeous duty, ye know, 'specially when dar's a lovely young lady in de bargain."

All ole missus allus like to habe us de come up dar, too, so I war dar jes as Mr. John got dar, an', as usual, my missus opened dat soffer's Bible an' was jus' goin' ter read when Miss Nellie saw de leetle tintype, and she gabe a leetle cry lake, an' takin' it from de missus han' she said:

"Oh, Mrs. Carter, my ma has got jes such a picture, an' it hers an' mine when I was a baby." Den she laid her hald down into missus' lap an' began ter cry, an' she sobed out dat her pa was in de wah, an' disappeared, an' day dun tried ebry way to fine out sometin' erbout him. Missus axe her what was her pas and mas name, an' she tole her dere names war "George an' Lucy." An' missus opened de Bible, an' dar was writ on de leaf "From Lucy to George." Den she took de poah young lady in her arms, an' said: "How wonderful are dy ways, Oh, Lord!" An', my chille, dare under all dem flowers sleeps your father, an' in this peaceful spot. He has not been like a stranger, or neglected, so now in de Providence ob de good Lord, de dearest wish ob his heart is fulfilled. I trus' you will be comforted."

Massah John walked erway wipin' his eyes, an' ole missus read a comfortin' verse or two outen dat little Bible, an' we uns sang a hymn, and de decoration was ober fur dat day, an' missus said to all ob us:

"Let dis yar teach yer a lesson ob faith. Do your duty, no matter how long de way is, or how dark de cloudb's."

Wal, chille, it is time ye were in yer beds. Its jes erbout true, dis yarn. Ebry word is as true as de gospil. Yas, Miss Jinnie, den de grave is decorated ebry year when dis day comes aroun', though de ole missus and missus is lyin' down beaide dat young soffer boy, an' it's Miss Nellie's grave now, for she dun gon' an' marr'd Massah John, an' he jus' lubs de ground she walks on. De ole missus lubed her, too, and you ought to a seen what care Miss Nellie dun took ob de ole missus in her las' sickness, fur months afore she dun went to her reward, and she say ober and ober agin:

"No kind act is overlooked by de Master; an', honey, I'm gittin' my pay now for honorin' de dead by a few flowers on a lonely grave upon de day de nation set apart to 'memorate dose dal tell."

TWO HOLIDAYS.

Two Little Relation Maintained Between May 30 and July 4.

There is far too little relation maintained between Independence Day and Memorial Day. One is the natural sequence of the other, and the celebration of both should be observed with due solemnity as well as with comely and becoming rejoicing. A sacred service to begin the day, a service of thanksgiving, of grand and appropriate music, then with the congregation pouring out into the highways and byways of the earth, the spirit of peace and good-will might be merged into a feeling of joyousness and a giving way to all forms of hilarious sport and innocent amusement. We have in one of these days honored our forefathers through whose wise and determined efforts the country was established, and in the other we have remembered those who rescued us from danger and saved us for a great and glorious future. These days are the red-letter days in the American calendar—impressive because they are reminders of great struggles, because they made our present condition of existence possible; happy because we know by them, and what they typify, that the spirit of patriotism, self-sacrifice and the great and all-comprehensive spirit of divinity that was originally planted in the hearts of men has neither been dimmed nor extinguished. It has only slumbered and smoldered; the living fire is there, and needs but the breath of treason or the slightest blow from an assaulting hand to bring it full-grown to its feet, a stalwart young giant able to cope with any adversary that threatens the life and the union of the states.

TO-DAY.

Is not this day enough for all our powers, If its exactions were but fairly met— If not one unpaid debt Were left to haunt the peace of future hours, And sting us with regret?

Unbounded blessing lieth in Today. If we but seek we find it hidden there;

It is the golden stair, Leading, it may be, by an unknown way To all we hope or dare.

From sun to sun let this lesson learn. Upon Today our fairest chances wait,

And, whether soon or late, Our destiny upon this hinge may turn— Today, sweet friends, is Fate.

Annie L. Mussey.

Dark ages from the sixth to the fourteenth century.

DECORATION DAY.

MEMORIES RECALLED BY THIS GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

No Political Differences Can Ever Efface from the American the Love of Country—All Worship at Altar of Patriotism.



THE RETURN OF this national anniversary has a testimony to offer you. Every Decoration Day witnesses a smaller number of northern and southern veterans. The maximum is passed; the minimum increases

daily and annually. The flowers upon graves and chaplets woven around faded banners bear testimony that the Republic cannot forget her old soldiers, can never allow them to be visited with social contempt. Mr. Lincoln, the greatest figure of the past tempest, declared that the world "can never forget what they did." Decoration and Deed go together. Some things may cause controversy, but when men have fought and bled and suffered, no wordy war can supplant their claims on our respect.

Let two veterans meet who fought on opposite sides, and their stories are mingled with their tears. No warmer comradeship, no more fraternal intercourse could be desired. There is no more honorable feeling than that of one brave man for another equally brave. Today the feeling will predominate, and among the reminiscences of strife will be the actual over-brooding presence of peace, good will and loving unity.

Decoration Day is the gift of the womanhood of our land thirty or less years ago. They gave it not with triumphant paeans of victorious rejoicing, but amid heartache and grief and tears were those first graves decorated, the name bestowed and the date perpetuated. If there is a more sacred gift than that born of a suffering woman's holy love, one does not know it. And we are convinced that the soldier's mother who prayed for him in the closed room of intercession, and his sweetheart and his wife who loved him as none other did or could, will demand that Decoration Day shall ever represent their hearts, and its flowers their hopes beyond the veil, and its tears and joy, like rain and sunshine in spring's mingling of both, be indicative of the mingled feelings with which they re-consecrated the places where lay the dead of blue and of gray.

The senates and legislatures of federal and state governments have decreed many public occasions. Here is one ordained by those whose common suffering and charity and patience have ever redeemed the credit of a people, whose silence enhances their glory—the women of the war, who gave us Decoration Day.

The lessons of patriotic value taught



AT THE GRAVES.

by this day can be discerned by all. Amid chaos the country struggled into more permanent being. Disasters enriched her. In strife more than in lassitude she developed her latent forces, and the red rain of blood brought forth a harvest of devotion immortal in our annals.

The spirit of those days was rude, but she evoked great men to control them, and as one surveys the list of heroes, the question forces itself: "When shall we look upon their like again?"

Peace has dangers no less great than those of strife, and sometimes the more to be dreaded because the less to be discerned. The rights and privileges purchased for us during the past century and a half are ours to keep, increase and bequeath to those who come after us. Now, shall we not act so as to earn, if not the soldier's glorious wreath, at least a modest flower of remembrance for the maintenance of right?

For if Washington and Lincoln could ride at the head of every festal procession in this nation on May 30, they would cry aloud: "Maintain! Maintain! Let your birthright, purchased in blood, be kept in undefiled security!"

Decoration Day bears one last word of testimony to our peaceful unity and solidarity as a nation. "Irrepressible" conflicts are repressed, schisms are healed, localities and sectionalisms lost sight of in the truer, saner view this day affords. East and West, North and South are as indivisible in that common sentiment of American patriotism which no party discussions can dis-

turb as are Rhode Island and Connecticut. Express trains have abolished physical barriers; mutual dependence in commerce facilitates an already natural intercourse. Between ocean and ocean lives a mighty race, whose guiding forces and aspirations are a unit. One law, one element, one blood, and, henceforth, one language.

And as the watchers of God look down on hill and hamlet, on mighty seas, and over great shoulders of mountains, right down on the spots thirty years ago crimsoned with strife, and now fragrant with spring's gifts, their thankfulness will be that in this great land there is peace, sweet peace.—New York Ledger.

ARLINGTON.

Above the tide that seeks the sea, Through groves of stone and haunts of bee,

A mighty camp in silence lies At even 'neath the starlit skies; No sentries guard with stately tramp At dawn or dusk that sacred camp, Where peacefully, 'neath shade and sun, Repose the brave of Arlington.

Beneath the pine's uplifted crest Sweet blossoms fall on many a breast; No roll of drum or fife so shrill Can wake the sleepers on the hill; Above the carpet Nature spreads, O'er all the violets lift their heads, And once a day the sunset gun The soft leaves stir at Arlington.

No thrilling dreams of war invade The camp deep in the cedar's shade No charge across the crimson plain Could rouse the dead to life again. Beyond the river, flowing down Past ruined forts and ancient town, The Nation's dome shines in the sun Which lights, at noonday, Arlington.

O sacred bivouac 'neath the roses! Thy tenants rest secure from foes;



ARLINGTON.

The fight that stir'd their blood of yore Is a vision past forevermore; And once a year the fragrant bloom Of May falls softly on each tomb. The land is peace, the victory won, O love-invested Arlington! —T. C. Harbaugh.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Slowly beats the drum, and softly Sounds the bugle o'er the way; Old "unreconstructed rebels" March in martial line today, But in peace, and not for battle Meet again the "boys in gray."

Now the strains of dear old "Dixie" Through the distance proudly break, But the hearts beneath our garlands Cannot at its call awake; Once it cheered their drooping spirits, Raised their banners trailing low, Urged them on to fight, and win Our own fair Southland from the foe. Braver hearts ne'er beat than these That 'neath Mount Olivet's shadow lie, Nobler men ne'er fought—God bless them!

Deeds like theirs can never die, And we proudly do them honor, And our wreaths of laurel lay O'er the sacred dust of heroes— Martyred hosts who wore the gray.

See the gray "old guard" advancing With their measured, stately tread, Toward the grass-grown graves of comrades,

Round the bivouac of the dead. But the ranks are growing thinner,



SEE THE GRAY OLD GUARD ADVANCING.

One by one the heads of gray Bow before the tent command To pitch their last across the way, To go and join the silent forces Bivouacked on the plains of peace, To meet again the long lost comrades Death has granted full release.

Ah! that roll of names resplendent— Cheatham, Jackson, Forrest, Lee, Loved commanders gone before To join the great majority, Unforgotten voices call—

And unseen hands across the way Beckon, and the old guard follows Down through death, to victory. —Adele E. Shaw.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

THE NEWS OF SEVEN DAYS UP TO DATE.

Political, Religious, Social and Criminal Doings of the Whole World Carefully Condensed for Our Readers—The Accident Record.

Secretary Morton was given an informal reception by the Chamber of Commerce of San Diego, Cal.

Fountain Vaughn, a stock dealer of Mexico, Mo., has assigned, with liabilities of \$9,000 and assets of \$12,000.

The National Army and Navy Union has selected Kansas City, Mo., as the next meeting place, no date being fixed. James DeWitt, who murdered his wife, was hanged in public at Grayson, Ky., thousands of people witnessing the execution.

Ernest Brownell, a student at the high school of Greeley, Colo., 17 years of age, was killed by Bode Foster, a barber who mistook him for a burglar.

William and Abbie Rogers, claiming to be husband and wife, were arrested at Oshkosh, on a charge of robbing a safe in Menominee Sunday night, securing \$301.

State officials discovered a horse belonging to the Royal Oil Company, of Peoria, Ill., to be afflicted with acute glanders. The animal was killed and others quarantined.

William Hoffman, claiming to be the boy's step-father, kidnapped Bernie Freeman, aged 16, an inmate of the reform school at Plainfield, Ind. They were captured after a lively chase.

Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) has been taken suddenly ill with an attack similar to that which caused her protracted illness at Washington about a year ago. Her friends are considerably alarmed at the return of the illness.

William H. Platt committed suicide at Alton, Ill., by taking poison.

At the regular meeting of the New York Yacht club the resignation of H. Matland Kersey was unanimously accepted.

The corner stone of the incurable insane asylum at Peoria, Ill., will be laid June 5. Governor Altgeld will deliver an address.

Fire at Lewistown, Pa., that broke out in the lumber yards of Francis & Co., caused a loss of \$50,000 before it was gotten under control.

The one hundred and eighth general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America (North) was opened at Saratoga Thursday in the First Presbyterian Church, where so many previous assemblies have met. Dr. Withrow of Chicago was elected moderator.

The friends of General Lucius Fairchild are much worried over his condition and grave doubts of his recovery are entertained. General Fairchild was taken sick about three weeks ago with kidney trouble.

The czar and czarina made their triumphal entry into Moscow Thursday afternoon amid the thunder of batteries of artillery, the clanging of countless bells and the cheers of a vast multitude of loyal Russians and equally enthusiastic visitors from all parts of the world.

Thursday morning the Seneca street side of the Brown building, Buffalo, N. Y., formerly occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company, collapsed and a score or more of people were buried in the ruins. Three persons were taken out dead.

At Tipton, Ohio, twenty miles east of Fort Wayne, Thursday the boiler of a tile mill exploded, killing two persons and seriously wounding two others.

The Democratic state convention held at Laramie, Wyo., was controlled entirely by the free-silver element of the party, and adopted a platform declaring for the coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.

Eight miners were imprisoned in a cave-in in the Ashland mine at Ironwood, Mich., Thursday. They have all been rescued by miners, who drifted through to them from the Noemie mine. All were uninjured.

Thursday evening the boiler in the Davidson Bros. saw mill, near Marietta, exploded with terrific force. Three were fatally injured, and six others were more or less injured.

There is excellent authority for the statement that the Mikado contemplates a tour of America and Europe.

The Presidents and Trustees of the Illinois College, the German Lutheran parochial school, and the Roman Catholic parochial schools at Jacksonville, Ill., were indicted for violating the flag law.

A. C. Putnam, president of the Chadron, Neb., Banking Company, which went into a receiver's hands recently, has been arrested for receiving money when he knew the institutions were insolvent. Creditors declare that Mr. Putnam has wealthy relatives at Fredonia, N. Y., who are ready to make good all losses.

Democrats of the nineteenth Illinois congressional district will hold their convention June 30 at Casey. A. J. Hunter and Judge S. F. Gilmore are the contestants for the nomination.

The populist state convention of California has made the following nominations: For lieutenant governor, J. L. Gilbert, of Fresno; for congress, first district, George W. Monteith, of Marin; second, C. F. McGlashan, of Nevada; seventh, Dr. C. M. Castle, of Merced.

The case of the Illinois Central railroad company against the people of the state of Illinois, involving the right to compel the railroad company to run all of its trains into Carlo, a county seat, under a state law, was decided in the United States Supreme court in favor of the railroad company.

CASUALTIES.

William Pollard, fireman on Jeall Brothers' steam pleasure yacht, fell into the Illinois river at Alton, Ill., and was drowned.

Bessie Dorsey, a colored girl, 8 years of age, used coal oil to start a kitchen fire at College Corner, Ohio, and was burned to death.

A man supposed to be named Greene, working on the new railroad at Manitowoc, Wis., while sleeping in the yards, was killed by a train.

Duncan MacKellar, a contractor of Benton Harbor, Mich., fell twenty-five feet from a scaffold to a concrete pavement, receiving fatal injuries.

Charles Dixon, 17 years old, of Jerseyville, Ill., was killed by lightning.

The entire south portion of the city of Crookston, Minn., is submerged. The damage is heavy and chiefly among the poorer classes.

One man was killed and six injured by a singular accident on a Lake Shore freight near Toledo, Ohio, Tuesday. The rear portion came forward with such terrific force that one empty car was doubled together as if it had been a paper box.

Two score victims were added to the list of those who perished in the terrible cyclone which swept through portions of Kansas and Nebraska Sunday afternoon. The edge of the fearful storm is reported to have swept over the old Pawnee reservation, destroying buildings and burying the residents in the ruins before they could reach a place of safety. Forty persons, mostly Indians, are said to have been killed and as many more badly injured.

A fire which resulted in the loss of almost a quarter of a million dollars, and in which two firemen were killed and four seriously injured by falling walls, occurred in Washington about 8 o'clock Monday night.

Mrs. Anna Devaney, 63 years old, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, and Elmer Atherton, 9 years old, were found dead in bed, suffocated by gas, in the house of the boy's father at Omaha, Neb. Mrs. Devaney had been on a visit to her daughter since Tuesday. She was unaccustomed to the use of gas and previous to Saturday night her daughter had always turned it off for her.

The great Niagara fruit belt was severely damaged by a terrific gale which prevailed all day Saturday. It is estimated that half of the apple crop is lost, and nearly as much in pears and plums. Peaches suffered some, but nothing near to what the others did.

FOREIGN.

Minister Taylor's family is about to leave Madrid for the United States. Mr. Taylor will remain at his post.

M. Herbetie, French ambassador to Germany, has gone to Berlin to present letters of recall. It is said M. Combon will succeed him.

The authorities of Cuba have refused to extradite Mariel Martin, alias Mendoza, charged with swindling Belmont & Co. of New York. No reason is assigned.

Kaiser William has appointed the Russian empress honorary colonel of the Second Dragon guards.

A child of an eminent Berlin physician died suddenly as the result of the administration of diphtheritic serum to prevent the disease attacking it.

The arrival of the Czar and the Czarina at Moscow Monday afternoon may be said to inaugurate the festival season in celebration of the coronation, for which the city and the whole empire have made months of preparation.

The correspondent of the London Daily Mail at Johannesburg, Transvaal, says that a private dispatch received there states that the four leaders of the reform committee, Colonel Francis Rhodes, John Hays Hammond, Lionel Phillips and George Farrar, will be fined £25,000 (\$125,000) each and will be sentenced to ten years' banishment.

The British vice consul at Boma has been instructed to lodge an appeal against the acquittal of Captain Lothalre, the Belgian officer who was recently tried for hanging Stokes, the English trader of the Congo Free State.

CRIME.

Richard Sanders, wanted by government officials for an alleged money order fraud at Vandalia, Ill., three weeks ago, was captured at Pana, Ill., after swimming a river and being chased twenty miles through the timber.

Silas Lee and Hickman Freeman have been convicted of the murder of E. T. Conody, Jeff Maddox and Pauline Applegate at Paris, Texas.

Policeman James Nunley of Vincennes, Ind., has been convicted of felonious assault on George Scholler and sentenced to seven years in prison.

James Dazzele, colored, was taken from the jail in St. Bernard parish, Louisiana, and lynched. He was arrested for attempting to assault a white woman near the Poydras plantation.

William Schofield, the hotelkeeper of Armonk, N. Y., who was arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the death of his wife, whose body was found in a brook near Moshulu, Parkway, was honorably discharged in the Yorkville police court.

Police at Kansas City, Mo., spent Tuesday in closing up poolrooms, "dynamic" bucket-shops and other gambling games. Mayor Jones says he will drive every gambler out of business.

The trial of Romulus Cotell, the alleged murderer of the Stone family at Tallmadge, Ohio, six weeks ago, was set by Judge J. A. Kohler for June 22 at Akron.

Six persons were shot and a number of others seriously injured during a riot between Italians and townspeople at MacAdoo, a town four miles from Hazleton, Pa., Sunday afternoon.

John Love, defaulting cashier of the First National Bank of Watkins, N. Y., who pleaded guilty, has been sentenced to five years in state prison.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Ex-Governor Horace Boies was endorsed for president of the United States by the Iowa democratic state convention Wednesday. The delegates were instructed to vote as a unit for Boies and the coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.

George W. Peck, the new chairman of the Wisconsin democratic state central committee, has issued the call for the state convention, which will elect a delegation to the national convention to be held in Chicago, July 7. The call names June 23 as the day and Milwaukee the place.

The South Carolina Democratic state convention declared uncompromisingly for free silver. Senator Tillman heads the delegates.

The South Dakota democratic state convention denounced the movement for the free coinage of silver and endorsed the gold standard.

The New Hampshire Democratic state convention passed resolutions favoring the gold standard.

T. C. Catchings has been renominated to congress by the democrats of the third Mississippi district.

Quarters have been secured at the Lindell hotel St. Louis, for 400 members of the Commercial McKinley club of Chicago during the national republican convention.

The West Virginia republicans in state convention have declared for McKinley and sound money.

The eighth senatorial district democratic convention will be held June 2 at Woodstock, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Managers at the Patton Hollow Ware Company, operating plants in the Indiana penitentiaries, deny that they will suspend operations.

The water system of Omaha, Neb., was sold at auction, the purchaser being the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, trustee for the bondholders, the sale bid being \$4,000,000.

Two hundred delegates attended the grand lodge A. O. U. W. convention at Boone, Iowa.

Hugo Hill, a milliner at Detroit, has filed chattel mortgages on his stock, fixtures and book accounts for \$63,389.85.

J. N. Olds, dealer in hardware and farming implements, at Canton, Ill., has made an assignment, with liabilities of \$15,000; assets, \$17,000.

Dresser & Goodridge, commission merchants of New York, have attached the Goodridge Rubber Company of Newport, R. I., for \$128,000 to recover cash advanced.

Attachments have been served on the stock of E. H. Wilson & Co., produce commission merchants of Kansas City, Mo., for unpaid local accounts amounting to \$10,000.

Dr. Lewis M. Curtis of Chicago was elected senior agent of the Western Book concern at the Methodist general conference at Cleveland Wednesday.

An immigration bill of much importance was passed by the House Wednesday by a vote of 195 to 26. The bill provides for the education test as applied to immigrants, and excludes from admission to the United States "all male persons between 16 and 60 years of age who cannot both read and write the English language or some other language."

The striking firemen of the Armour packing plant at Kansas City, Mo., who went out May 6 for increased wages and fewer hours, compromised their differences, lifted the boycott against the company's meat and returned to work.

In a letter to Secretary Olney, Miss Clara Barton emphatically denies that any members or officials of the Turkish government have ever tried in any way to direct or to control her distributions.

Receiver Cowan and Murray of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will soon make application to Judges Goff and Morris, of the United States Circuit court at Baltimore, for permission to issue \$5,000,000 in certificates to be used in wiping out urgent indebtedness and for necessary improvements.

The senate Tuesday passed the District of Columbia appropriation bill, carrying approximately \$7,300,000.

The German Roman Catholic union closed a three days' convention at Joliet, Ill., Tuesday. The report of the treasurer showed the union to be in an extremely flourishing condition. Marcus Krakar, Joliet, was elected president. The next annual convention will be held in Springfield May 11, 12 and 13.

The Naumkeag cotton mill, No. 5, at Salem, Mass., will shut down June 1 for an indefinite period. Four hundred spinners and weavers will be thrown out of employment. The other mills will run but four days a week after June 1 until further notice. In these mills 1,400 operatives are employed.

The Woman's American Protective association held a state convention at Springfield, Ill., with 100 delegates in attendance. The sessions were secret.

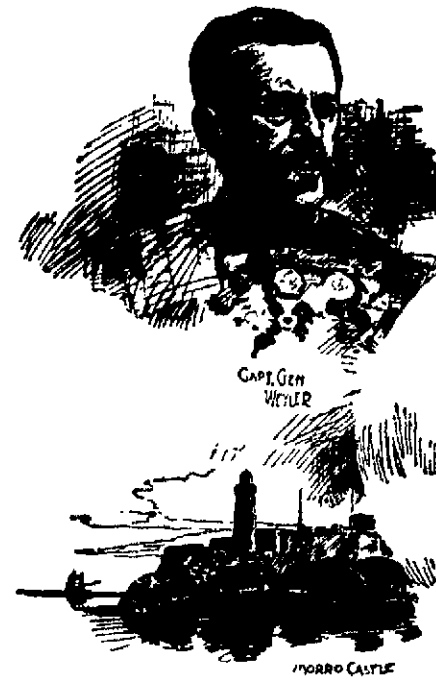
A controlling interest in the Minnesota Point Street Railway company was sold at Duluth by H. O. Underwood, of Boston, and clients of Dunn Brothers, of Philadelphia.

In the Holt will case at Washington Luke Devlin, Miss Josephine Holt-Throckmorton, Miss Elizabeth Hynes and Major Theophilus Gaines testified to the genuineness of the instrument.

It has leaked out that an order discharging F. T. Day, ex-president of the Plankinton Bank, at Milwaukee, Wis., from custody has been entered. The order, which consists of but a few lines, was filed quietly several weeks ago by Judge Goodland. In the same connection it is said the cases of the Plankinton Bank will expire by limitation June 1.

Ulysses G. Swartz has been confirmed by the senate as postmaster at Whiting, Ind.

NAMES AND FACES OF MEN INTERESTED IN THE TRIAL OF THE COMPETITOR'S CREW IN HAVANA



BOIES AND SILVER.

DEMOCRATS OF IOWA ADOPT THEIR PLATFORM.

Friends of the White Metal Have Full Control of the Convention at Dubuque—New Hampshire and South Dakota for Gold.

The democratic state convention met in the city of Dubuque Wednesday in the Grand Opera-House. The silver men controlled every move and the final result is that, with the exception of the delegates from two districts, the Iowa delegation to Chicago is solid and uncompromisingly for the white metal. Even the districts



HORACE BOIES.

captured by the gold men are of no benefit to them because of the adoption of an iron-clad unit rule in the instructions.

The following delegates-at-large were chosen: Horace Boies, S. B. Evans, Will Wells and S. T. Genung.

Following is the financial plank adopted: "We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage. We favor the immediate repeal of all laws by which silver was demonetized and demand its unqualified restoration to the right of free and unlimited coinage in the mints of the United States as money of final redemption at the old ratio of 16 to 1.

By a vote of 240 to 152 the "sound money" men Wednesday obtained control in the democratic state convention, held at Aberdeen. The financial plank is as follows: "The democratic party of South Dakota is in favor of the present standard of value in our monetary system and the use of full legal tender silver coins and paper convertible into coin on demand in such quantities as can be maintained without impairing or endangering the credit of the government or diminishing the purchasing or debt-paying power of the

by vote of its delegates, and especially upon all questions relating to the adoption of a platform for the party and the nomination of candidates for president and vice-president; and the delegates present in said convention, if less than the whole number be present, and to which the state is entitled, are hereby authorized to cast the full vote of the state in accord with these instructions.

"Reposing full faith and confidence in the democracy, patriotism and ability of Horace Boies, formerly governor of the state of Iowa, we hereby declare it to be the bounden duty of every patriot in Iowa, without regard to former party affiliations, to use all honorable means to secure his nomination at the democratic national convention to be held at Chicago, July 7, 1896, for the high and responsible office of president of these United States."

The state central committee stands five for gold, six for silver, and favors the selection of C. H. Walsh over J. J. Richardson as national committeeman.

There is a general feeling that the president will veto the river and harbor bill. He has not yet signed a bill for internal improvements, and as the measure this year is so much larger than ever before, it is understood to be his intention to return it with his disapproval.

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AN EARLY ADJOURNMENT.

June 8 Is the Date on Which Dissolution Is Expected.

Washington special: A very general opinion obtains here that congress will adjourn not later than June 8. The key to the situation is now in the hands of the senate. All the appropriations except the general deficiency, which is always held until the last moment, have now passed both houses. The others are in conference for the purpose of adjusting differences between the house and the senate. In most cases each bill is held up pending an agreement on some one matter. The fortifications bill was formally disagreed to by the house Thursday, but in this case the only question in dispute practically is whether all the money shall be expended at once or half of it shall go in the shape of contracts. The question of appropriations to sectarian institutions is about all that holds up two other bills, the Indian and the District of Columbia. The sundry civil bill is well out of the woods except for small matters.

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CYCLONES AND STORMS.

Several People Reported Injured in Kansas and Oklahoma.

Emporia, Kan., special: A cyclone or tornado passed across the south end of Lyon county. It struck the earth at the farm of the Hughes Brothers. All of the family except William Hughes and Edward Jenkins took refuge in the cellar and escaped unhurt. Hughes and Jenkins were carried into the air and were rescued from the ruins 100 feet away. Hughes may die.

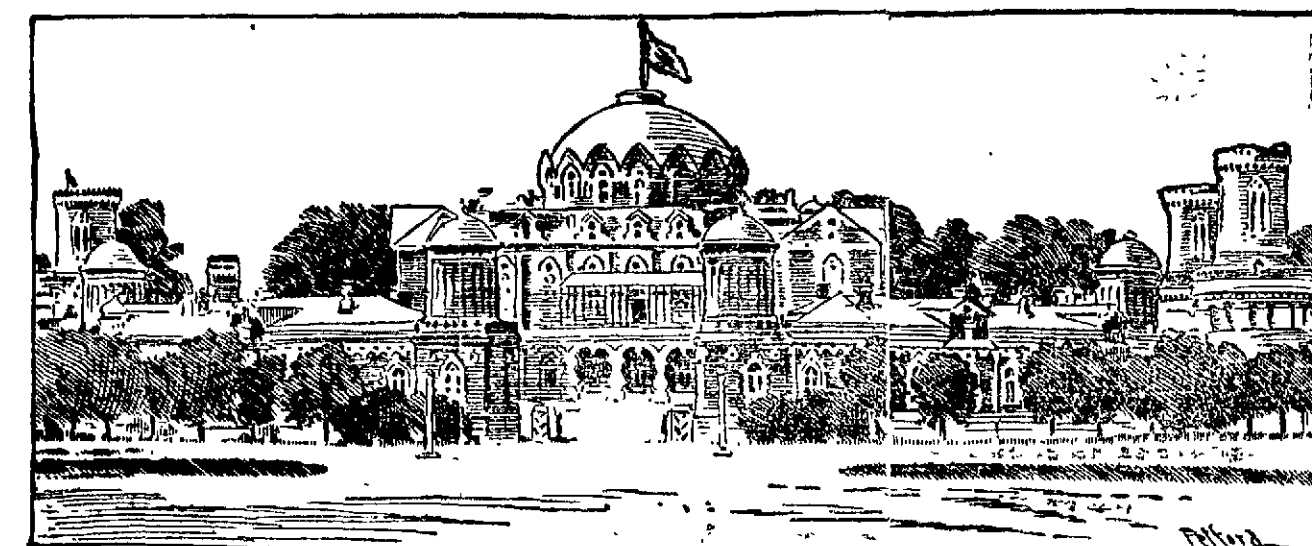
Guthrie, Okla., special: Small cyclones are reported from Norman, Edmund, White, Eagle and Perkins, with much destruction of property. Hundreds of cattle were killed.

Elwood, Ind., special: During a storm Thursday, lightning demolished the frame residence of James Wetherald, at Frankton, and perhaps fatally injured Mr. Wetherald.

Free Silver Rules in Wyoming.

The democratic state convention for the state of Wyoming held at Laramie Thursday was controlled entirely by

THE PALACE AT MOSCOW WHERE THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES ARE BEING HELD.



"We hereby enter our most earnest protest against all schemes for the retirement of our no-interest-bearing national paper currency, and the substitution thereof of \$500,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds to become an additional burden upon the producing classes, that national banks may be supplied with interest-bearing capital on which to transact their individual business. And we also protest against the further issuance and sale of government bonds to acquire gold with which to redeem the same with the coin of either metal it may possess in strict accordance with both the spirit and the letter of the law."

The platform also demands the appointment of a cabinet official to be known as secretary of labor, whose duty it shall be, in all cases of tariff-protected industries, to investigate, ascertain and report to congress for what share, if any, of the enhanced price for which protected products are sold in the markets of this country is paid by employers in these industries to their employees, to inquire into the merits of the controversies between employers and employees.

"The delegates-at-large and district appointed by this convention to represent the state in the national democratic convention to be held in Chicago are hereby instructed to vote as a unit as the majority present shall direct on all questions coming before said national convention for settlement

money in the hands of the people." Other resolutions oppose any effort to materially alter the "present just and conservative tariff," and pronounce against secret political organizations.

Gov. Matthews to Declare for Silver. It is announced at Governor Matthews' headquarters at Indianapolis, Ind., that the men who are managing his campaign for the nomination for the presidency are not discouraged on account of the action of the Iowa convention. Mr. Matthews' friends believe the action of the Iowa democrats makes it absolutely necessary for him to come out squarely for the independent coinage of silver, and they intimate that he will do this within the next ten days.

Virginia Will Send a Silver Delegation. Richmond, Va., special: The democratic primaries resulted in a victory for the silverites. The result gives them control of the third congressional district, practically assuring a solid silver delegation from this state to the national convention.

Saw Mill Boiler Explodes. Eckerly, Ind., special: Wednesday evening the boiler in the Davidson Bros. saw mill, near Marietta, exploded with terrific force. Three were fatally injured. Six others were more or less injured. The boiler head was blown 200 feet away.

the free silver element of the party and adopted a platform, one plank embodying the most advanced views in favor of that policy. The committee on resolutions submitted the following platform which was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

"Whereas, The paramount issue before the American people is the currency question, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the democracy of Wyoming, in convention assembled, demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold into primary redemption money, at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action or approval of any other government."

The delegates to Chicago were instructed to observe the unit rule.

President Elliot Denounced. Racine, Wis., special: The Wisconsin Department of the Grand Army of the Republic Thursday set its seal of approval upon the proposed exposition to be held in 1898 to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Wisconsin statehood, and endorsed the proposition to hold a monster soldiers' reunion at that time in connection with the dedication of the Milwaukee soldiers' monument. President Elliot, of Harvard university, was given an unmerciful scoring in resolutions offered by Colonel J. A. Watrous, and which were unanimously adopted. D. Lloyd Jones, Stevens Point, was elected department commander.

OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Hush!" she said, quickly; "the very air has ears. Do not come if you need more. Write to me. You know the place where letters reach me. Take this, and go."

She put something into his hand. Ralph pressed forward, and peered through the bushes, but it was so dark he could discern nothing beyond the outlines of a tall, dark figure, heavily bearded and wrapped in an immense shawl. For a moment he was tempted to rush forth and annihilate them both on the spot, but prudence held him back. He would wait and watch. So he stood quietly in the shadow, while Imogene returned to the house, and her companion went down the path leading to the shore. Ralph Trenholme ground his teeth in rage. He was a proud man, and he did not love this woman who was his wife. He had no love to wound, but she hurt his pride. He could not bear a dishonored name.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

There was no signature. None was needed. Ralph Trenholme was desperately angry. He chafed like a caged lion. This woman whom he did not love, whom he married solely to please another, was dishonoring his proud name, and making him merely a tool to play upon with her subtle wit, at her own pleasure. He shut his hand like a vise. Thus would he crush her power to disgrace him further, he said, hoarsely. When she did return, she should give an account to him for these mysterious absences, or he would make her a prisoner to the Rock.

On the night of the third day he found her sewing quietly in her little private sitting room. She looked up coolly as he entered.

"It is a fine evening, Mr. Trenholme," she remarked, indifferently. He laid a heavy hand on her shoulder and bent his dark, fiery eyes upon hers. She met the gaze without flinching.

"Madam, where have you been?" he asked, in a voice hoarse with anger. She shook herself loose from his grasp.

"You hurt my shoulder," she said, quietly.

"I ask you, where you have been?" "And I don't choose to tell you."

"You must tell me. I will take no cold evasions! Tell me, or by the heavens above us, you will repent it!" The red leaped into her cheek.

"Do you command?" "Ay, I command! and the sooner you obey the better!"

"And I shall not obey. There is the bell; I am going down."

She rose, lifted her arm to put her work into a hanging basket. In so doing her sleeve fell away from the wrist and her husband noticed that the heavy garnet bracelet she had always worn was missing.

"I don't see you bracelet?" he said, half inquiringly.

"I have laid it aside. Garnets are not so becoming to me as they were before I lost my color."

He detained her a moment to say, in a voice low and deep with stern determination:

"Imogene, you will consider yourself an inmate of the Rock for the remainder of the winter—for all time, until you explain to me this mystery. I leave it with you to decide, whether I shall confine you to a single room with bolts and bars, or give you the liberty of the whole place, and let your word of honor be the chain that keeps you here. Decide!"

She looked up into his hard face, and her own set lineaments softened. She remembered how she loved him. It made her a simple woman, ready to obey the man she loved.

"I will remain here. I will not go away. I give you my word, and it shall be a chain."

"Very well," he said, "so be it." Then in a gentler tone, as if suddenly recollecting that she was a woman—"Any time when you desire to explain this mystery, I will listen gladly, for it goes against my will to use this semblance of cruelty."

Mrs. Trenholme bowed loftily, and went up to her chamber. After that, she spent most of her time in her room. In vain her husband's mother urged her to come out of her retirement. She always had some reasonable excuse for her conduct and after a while she was left to herself. Ralph she scarcely saw now, save at meal time. He never came to her; never spoke a soft word to her. He never looked at her, even when she had spent long hours in making herself beautiful, hoping to attract his attention.

Business called him to Boston for a week. He merely announced the fact at table, and went away without any leave-taking. He did not see the ghastly pale face that from her window watched him ride away; he did not know that for hours after his departure his wife lay in a heap upon the floor, not weeping—women like her seldom weep—but breathing great shuddering cries.

"O heaven!" she moaned, "for his love I have risked everything, and behold he hates me!"

Ralph returned home about 11 one cold stormy night. He took his horse to the stable himself, without disturbing the hostler, and came to the house by a path through the garden. The sound of his wife's voice from behind a clump of evergreens arrested him. The night was dark and he stopped and listened. He was a man of the strictest sense of honor, but under the circumstances he felt no scruples about hearing what was not intended for his ear.

"I tell you this must never occur again!" she said, in a low, firm tone. "If it does—" The remainder of the sentence was spoken in a whisper.

"Beware how you threaten!" hissed the voice of a man; "I have the power yet! and if you do not deal softly, madam, I will not hesitate to—"

CHAPTER X.

THE close of a boisterous day in March, a traveling carriage stopped before Trenholme house, and a little figure wrapped in furs alighted. She inquired for Miss Trenholme and Agnes went down to find Helen Fulton.

waiting in the parlor. The girls embraced cordially.

"Something sent me here, Agnes," said Helen. "Goodness knows I didn't want to come! for there was Hal Howard just ready to pop the question to me, and Sam Jenkins wanting to awfully and I hadn't my pink Tibbit dress half flounced and papa couldn't very well spare me, but I had to come! Letitia was cross, just between you and me she's half in love with Hal Howard herself, and he's got the sweetest moustache! And how do you do, dear? and how did you get through that awful journey?"

"I am very well, and I was in time," returned Agnes. "Come into the sitting-room now, and let me present you to the family."

"Are there any gentlemen?" "None except my brother."

Helen made a comical wry face. "Then I needn't brush my hair, nor put on any of my sweet things, need I? Women never notice such trifles, and as for old married men—bah!"

Agnes conducted her into the sitting-room. Imogene was there with Mrs. Trenholme. She did not look up as they entered. She seemed absorbed in thought. She sat silent a great deal now. Her white hands were crossed on her lap, her great eyes fixed on the snow-covered landscape without. She was dressed in heavy black silk, and wore no ornaments. The elder Mrs. Trenholme kissed the young guest, and bade her welcome. Then Agnes led her up to Imogene and named them to each other.

It was a decided case of mutual antagonism. Both were repelled strongly, though both refused to let it be known by word or gesture. Their hands met, but the touch was like ice and snow.

The moment Helen and Agnes were alone the former said:

"Who is that woman?" "My mother, and—" "I mean the one with the eyes."

"She is my brother's wife."

"Does he love her?" "He married her," replied Agnes, a little proudly. "Men do not usually marry women for whom they do not care."

"O, I don't know about that!" said Helen, gravely. "I think they do. Men are nunsances. Did you know it, dear? But then they are nice to help you out of carriages and put on your shawl and pick up your sissors, and spool cotton, when you drop them on purpose. Sometimes I think I wish there hadn't been any men, but then when I want to talk nonsense to somebody, and have somebody to tell me how pretty I am, I'm right glad there was a masculine gender in Murray's grammar. Where was that queenly Imogene when your brother's first love was murdered?"

"She was here. She was to have been one of the bridesmaids."

"Ah! What a delightful tea rose you have!" she rattled on; and looking at her gay, careless face, an indifferent observer would not have believed that she ever had a serious thought in her life.

Helen had not been long at the Rock before she got a hint of the haunted chamber and she at once made friends with the servant, and obtained the whole story. Instantly she made a resolve. She meant to sleep in that room, and fathom the mystery. She was a girl of strong nerve and undaunted courage, and not by any means inclined to superstition. During the day she made the chamber a visit without the knowledge of any of the household.

It was a large lofty room, with white ceilings and paper hangings of a pale rose color and white. It had been sumptuously furnished, but now the dust lay thick and dark over everything. The great windows were hung with cobwebs and the closed blinds gave admittance to no ray of sunshine. There was the bed, snowy-curtained, where she had last slept. By Ralph's orders it had remained undisturbed ever since.

Helen touched the costly trinkets on the table with something like awe—remembering who had used them last. There was a knot of ribbon that the murdered girl had worn on her bosom; there, too, was the little gold brooch that had fastened her collar. In a closet hung the bridal dress, spotted with blood, side by side with the stiffened and stained veil, to which the dead orange flowers yet clung. Their petals crumbled to dust beneath the touch of Helen, and emitted a faint, sickly sweetness.

"Helen Fulton, are you afraid?" asked the girl of herself, putting her hand on her heart to see if it beat quicker than its wont. "No," she said. "Helen is not afraid. Not at all. Won't it be splendid to tell grandchildren, that their courageous grandmother slept in a genuine haunted chamber? Won't the little darlings creep into bed in a hurry and wrap their heads up under the coverlet?"

When night arrived, Helen excused herself early and went up to her chamber. She dressed herself in a thick, warm dress, put a heavy shawl over her shoulders and making sure that the lamp was full of oil, she made her noiseless way to the haunted chamber; entered, and, locking the door behind her, put the key in her pocket. She meant to be secure from all intrusion; Ghosts, she agreed would not need to open the door to get in, if they were orthodox ones. The lamp burned brightly and lighted up every nook and corner of the apartment. Helen did not mean to go to bed; she sat on the sofa and crocheted, laughing a little to herself, at the idea of watching a ghost and crocheting a song at the same time. A dead silence reigned. The wind which had blown through the day subsided and not even a deathwatch ticked in the wainscot. The old clock chimed 10, then 11—Helen's bright eyes began to droop. She was growing decidedly sleepy, and before she knew it her head had sunk to the arm of the sofa and she was asleep!

The consciousness of some presence beside her own woke her suddenly. She started up and rubbed her eyes. A cold current of air swept over her, chilling her from head to foot. The door into the passage stood wide open and her lamp swayed in the blast of air like a willow tossed by autumn gales; and just behind the great arm chair where Marina had sat when the fatal blow was struck, stood a tall figure enveloped in gauzy white, and upon her head and over her face was the bridal, blood-stained veil—Helen could have sworn it! The right hand of the spectre, the long, delicate, marble-white hand was extended toward the chair; the other was tightly pressed against her heart.

Helen took a step forward, but before she could lay a hand upon the strange presence it returned, dropped the veil upon the floor and vanished through the open door. Helen gave pursuit, but the long corridor was empty—there did not linger behind even so much as the echo of a foot. For this time the girl was baffled. But one thing she remembered. The door of that chamber had been unlocked and the phantom had forgotten to lock it after her; she was unable, it appeared, to pass through keyholes, like the spirits Helen felt acquainted with, through the medium of various novels she had read surreptitiously.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FALL OF BOGU.

He Used to Be a Divinity, but He Is Plain "Bog" Now.

Contact with the Aryan race has played the mischief with the Indians, and it brought others low, also, says the New York Press. Long ago there was a divinity called Bogu or Boghu, or Bagalos. By and by Bagalos sunk to a spook. He became a pooka to scare Irish peasantry with, a horrible being that came at night to suck blood from the living. He turned into a bogymen, or, as it is sometimes pronounced in the west, "booger-man." That is nearer to what the original sound must have been. Note also in this connection that fine-tooth combs are used in order to catch "boogers." Poor Bogu took two or three turns, all downward. Not only did he turn into a common terror but he became a sort of bogus terror. In fact the word "bogus" itself came from his name. He is a scare with nothing back of him, a ghost that turns out to be a white stump. He is a bugaboo, a bugbear, an imaginary difficulty. He degenerates into a sprite that plays tricks on sleepers, knots their hair, upsets the milkpans and the like. He is Puck, the joker, and nobody respects the jester. But worse is yet to follow. In one edition of the bible it reads: "The sun shall not hurt thee by day, nor the bug by night." It reads now, "The terror by night," but the word has gone out and now the despair of cleanly housewives, the occasion of the sale of so much stuff warranted death to every cinder, bears the name of the deity in whose honor altars smoked.

As Usual.

St. Peter—Are they all here? Gabriel—All but New York and Philadelphia.

St. Peter—What's the matter with them? Gabriel—I couldn't wake Philadelphia and New York had to get her harp out of pawn.—Judge.

Belonged to His Wife.

"Did you see Jabberbox last night spending money like a prince?" "Like a prince? He blew in about \$4. Do you call that like a prince?" "Sure. The money was his wife's."—Indianapolis Journal.

The dress to be worn by the Empress of Russia at the coronation ceremonies next year has just been ordered in Paris. It is to be decorated with pearls and gold, and will cost \$200,000.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE LIVTH CONGRESS.

A Brief Report of the Delays in Upper and Lower Houses of the National Legislature—The Work of a Week Condensed.

Monday, May 18.

The coast-defense bill was reported to the senate by the committee Monday, and the deficiency bill will probably be completed within a day or two. Thus everything is favorable for prompt completion of the necessary work of the session.

The house committee on banking and currency decided that it would not press any currency measures, as it found itself absolutely unable to agree on anything, and if even the committee cannot agree on a currency proposition, there seems little prospect that a congress composed of a republican house and a democratic-populist senate could do so.

Tuesday, May 19.

The house entered on a two days' debate of the immigration bills reported from the immigration committee. W. A. Stone of Pennsylvania and Mr. Tracewell of Indiana argued for a restrictive measure, Mr. Corliss of Michigan for his bill designed to put an end to Canadian competition with American labor, and Mr. Morse of Massachusetts and Mr. Barthold of Missouri for the educational test bill. The feature of the debate was the plea of Mr. Buck of Louisiana against any sort of restrictive legislation beyond that now on the statute books, which excluded paupers and criminals.

The senate passed District of Columbia appropriation bill, carrying approximately \$7,300,000. A debate on the question of appropriations for sectarian purposes cropped out on the paragraph making appropriations for charities in the district. On a vote the senate sustained the committee in providing specific appropriations for numerous private charitable institutions, some of them of a sectarian character. A further provision was adopted for an investigation into the charity system of the district, with a view to ascertaining what, if any, part of the public appropriations are used for church purposes.

Wednesday, May 20.

The senate defeated—42 to 9—a proposition by Mr. Gorman for the issue of \$100,000,000 of 3 per cent treasury certificates to meet prospective deficiencies. This was followed by the defeat—43 to 12—of another proposition by Mr. Peffer, of Kansas, for the issue of greenbacks to meet the appropriations made by the fortifications bill.

The senate took another step toward adjournment by disposing of the fortifications appropriation bill at a single sitting. Nothing now remains but the conference reports on the naval, river and harbor, District of Columbia, Indian and fortifications bills. The river and harbor and naval bills are still the most difficult ones.

The naval bill conferees are still in a tangle over the senate amendments. The house provided for four battleships and fifteen torpedo boats, while the senate cut the number down to two battleships and thirteen torpedo boats. All the members of the house committee insist on the four battleships. The house committee cannot recede, because the committee has been instructed to insist on the provision. There have been no such instructions on the part of the senate.

After two days' debate the house by the overwhelming vote of 195 to 26, passed the Bartholdt-McCall immigration bill, as modified by the Corliss amendment. The Stone consular inspection bill, offered as a substitute, was defeated—75 to 131. The bill, as passed, adds to the classes of aliens excluded from admission to the United States all male persons between the ages of 16 and 60 years (except parents of persons living in this country), who cannot both read and write English or some other language.

The Corliss amendment excludes aliens who come across the borders year after year to perform labor in the United States with no intention of settling therein. It declares all labor contracts with aliens void, and makes parties thereto within the jurisdiction of the United States punishable by a fine of \$1,000 or imprisonment, not exceeding one year; makes it a misdemeanor for naturalized citizens, who have returned to a foreign country to make the same his home, to again perform labor in the United States; makes it a misdemeanor for any alien to cross the border for labor in the United States, except at a port of entry, and imposed a head tax of 50 cents on each immigrant.

Thursday, May 21.

Washington special. A non-partisan commission of fifteen members to be appointed by the president to collate information and consider and recommend legislation to meet the problems presented by labor, agriculture, and capital was authorized by the bill which passed the house Thursday in accordance with favorable recommendations by the committee on labor.

Where It Would Come In.

"Hiram. I wish you'd bought a bond or two," said Mrs. Cornstossel.

"Well," was the thoughtful reply, "for a man that ain't got no bigger chunks of capital ter invest than I happen ter have I dunno ez I'd be better off to put my money into gov'ment securities."

"I wasn't thinkin' about the money-makin' part of it. I wanted yer to come forward in yer humble way an' buy 'em as an act of patriotism."

"Well, Mandy, if that is what bothers ye, ye needn't worry no more. When it comes ter the patriotism part I'll be right on hand. I'll help pay the interest on 'em."—Washington Star.

Of the Class McKeagles.

Some time ago there was an inspector of the constabulary at Scotland Yard who had the reputation for "spotting," at a glance, the trade or occupation of the recruits who were brought before him for enlistment into the force—in fact, a duplicate, if it were possible, of Sherlock Holmes.

A Scotsman, wishing to enter the force, procured a second-hand suit of clothes (in order to present a respectable appearance), which formerly belonged to a joiner or engineer.

On being ushered into the presence of the keen-eyed inspector, and before he was able to recover from the penetrating glance of the man in blue, the latter addressed him thus:

"Ah! ah! a mechanic, I see?" "No, sir," replied the Scotsman, "a McKenzie!"—Phila. Inquirer.

Another Penalty of Greatness.

From the Chicago Tribune: The gifted but impecunious literary genius wrote an impassioned letter to a personal friend, asking him in the name of sweet charity to lend him \$10 to keep from starving.

"I may not get the \$10," he soliloquized bitterly, as he sealed it, "but some day a mercenary grandchild of his will get \$100 for this letter."

Life in the City.

"I say, gran'ma give us a dollar to go to the matinee or I'll let 'em loose!"

A Persistent Offender.

From the Washington Star: "I have done my best," the editor remarked, "to establish this paper in the confidence of the community."

"I think you have succeeded," was the reply.

"Yes; to a great extent. But there is one regular contributor whom I can't break of the habit of faking."

"Who is that?" "The man who sends in the weather reports."

A Washington Fun.

They say women have wit but no humor, but one of the Northern members testifies to the fact that women have a great deal of humor sometimes. The other day a young lady from his district called to see him at the Capitol.

"Have you ever eaten crazy fish?" she suddenly asked, after talking for some time on general topics.

"Of course not," said the innocent Northern man; "Do you think I would eat a fish that was not perfectly good and of sound mind?"

"No," said the bright girl, "but I supposed that everybody knew that most of the fish we get in the market are caught in seine. See?"—Washington Post.

A Veto.

"Charlie," said Mrs. Newbride, "mamma and the girls are coming to spend a month with us."

"Not if I know it. When we were engaged you insisted upon my loving you for yourself alone. I want you that way," replied the ingenious benedict.—Harper's Bazar.

How They Shook Him.

How did you get Borley out of your whisk club—did you ask him to resign?"

"No; we didn't like to do that, but we all resigned except Borley, and then we all got together and formed a new club."—Harper's Bazar.

She Had Designs on Him.

Mrs.—Does your wife do the cooking now?

Stars—Yes; she began the day that I got my life insured.—World.

Wit in Paragraphs.

"Scientists say now that handshaking conveys disease." "Of course; that's the way the grip got started."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss Flora (in a pair of stupendous sleeves)—How do I look, Ned? Ned (rapturously)—You're simply unapproachable.—Boston Transcript.

"Thomas told the mass meeting that he was a self-made man." "Very noble of him to take the whole blame on himself, wasn't it?"—St. Louis Mirror.

Gen. Pompous—I am to speak at a banquet tonight, and I want you to write my speech for me. Scribble—What do you take me for—a gasfitter?—Truth.

"I'm sorry I stole the preserves, ma."

"Ah, your conscience is troubling you, is it?" "I don't know exactly. Where is my conscience, ma?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Dashaway—I have an idea that Mrs. Hightoner has asked me to dinner in order to fill up. Cleverton—That's what we are all going for, old man.—Life.

"Yes," said the cornfed philosopher, "it is not so difficult to get something for nothing, but when one gets it it is not worth the price."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Sheriff—You say that fellow who broke jail left a message behind? The Keeper—Yes, sir; here it is on this paper—"Excuse the liberty I take!"—Truth.

Parley—My house at Trilbyville is only three minutes from the station. Flatler—City or suburban? Parley—City or suburban what? Flatler—Suburban.—Roxbury Gazette.

A Summer Resort Book Free.

Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash Railroad.

No man can walk straight who follows a doubt.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabacher, La., August 26, 1896.

No man treats Christ well who treats his brother wrong.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Nothing a bad man owns can be his long.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy. Mac Watson's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

The blackest devil outside of the pit is hate.

Regemans' Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. C. H. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Talking with God begins in short steps.

Boils

It is often difficult to convince people that their blood is impure, until dreadful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofula or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or when ever there is any indication of

Impure

blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and prevent such eruptions and suffering.

"I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, fierce and sore. The doctor attended me over seven weeks. When the abscess broke, the pains were terrible, and I thought I should not live through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and my husband, who was suffering with boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood

built me up and restored my health so that, although the doctor said I would not be able to work hard, I have since done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine." Mrs. ANNA PETERSON, Latimer, Kansas.

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